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The Bloomfield Record.

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Devoted to the Interests of Bloomfield, the Oranges, Glen Ridge, Montclair, and the various Suburban Districts of Essex County.

VOL. XVII. NO. 23.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY JULY 23, 1897.

PRICE THREE CENT

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The price for advertisements in this column will be one cent for each word for not less than fifteen words. Advertisements should be received at this office before 10 o'clock Friday.

FOR SALE.—Lot on Glenwood Avenue, near Main St., Orange, 25 ft. front. Worth \$1000. Will be sold for \$750. Apply at "Record Office."

To Rent.

House No. 15 Benson Street, Bloomfield. Seven Rooms. All Improvements. Rent low to a good tenant. Inquire at The Record Office, 29 Broad St.

Dr. Grace E. White,
Office 35 Broad St.
Hours 2 to 4 P. M. Telephone 45.

DENTISTRY

At the lowest prices consistent with first-class workmanship.

DR. SEYMOUR BOUGHTON,
For many years with Dr. H. D. ALLEN, the eminent Surgeon-Dentist of New York City. Is now prepared to receive patients in his new dental parlors at No. 17 CEDAR ST., Newark. Teeth extracted painlessly by use of new anesthetic. Complicated cases requiring scientific dental surgery are respectfully solicited.
OPEN EVENINGS.
No. 17 CEDAR ST., NEWARK.

The Central Pharmacy.

D. ROSENBAUM, Ph. D.

Druggist and Chemist.

Prescriptions put up at All Hours, Day and Night.

CENTRAL BUILDING, BLOOMFIELD.

Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, etc.

GEORGE M. WOOD,

PHARMACIST.

20 BROAD STREET.

3 Doors Above Post Office, - - - BLOOMFIELD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN

To the Accurate Compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions

OPEN SUNDAYS

From 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. From 3 to 6 P. M.

And from 7 to 9 in the evening.

LOUIS J. MEUSER,

PHARMACEUTICAL.

Dispensing Chemist.

PARK PHARMACY

178 Broad St. Bloomfield

Prescriptions carefully compounded day or night at city prices

FOR DURABILITY

And STYLISH GOODS

GO TO

THE UNIVERSAL

BOOT & SHOE STORE,

308 Glenwood Ave.

All Goods Warranted. A full line

Men's, Boys' Youths' Ladies' Misses' &

Children's Shoes.

ALL KINDS REPAIRING DONE

In a Workmanlike Manner.

PHILIP BATZLE, Prop'r.

PUT THIS DOWN,

and you'll save money; neglect it and

you'll lose. You need for your outfit

staple toilet requisites; namely: tooth,

hair, nail, and bath brushes; bath

towels, sponges, mittens and soaps;

tooth powders, hair tonics, perfumes

and Pettie's witch hazel. Every other

article you may need is here—better

in quality and lower priced than else-

where.

Go to Pettie's,

Prudential Pharmacy,

Broad, north of Market St., Newark.

Pettie's other store 925 Broad St.

NEVER CLOSED Prudential Pharmacy.

PETTIE: HE PUTS UP PRESCRIPTIONS

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

AND

PETTIE'S

PRUDENTIAL

PHARMACY,

925 Broad St.,

NEWARK, N. J.

Martin J. Callahan,

CONTRACTOR.

Flagging, Curbing and Paving.

A supply of Door steps, Window

sills and Caps, and Cellar Steps on

standby on hand.

STONE YARD: ON GLENWOOD AVE.

Near D. L. & W. R. R. Depot.

RAILROAD CROSSING

THE DRIFT OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS, OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

(Abridged from "The New Time" Magazine for July.)

Human relations fall naturally into five great groups, which we may call the relations of Severance, Conflict, Mastery, Partnership and Devotion. The first is the relation of separation, isolation, disunion, disconnection, unassociation; the others are relations of contact and association. Conflict and Mastery are forms of antagonism. Partnership and Devotion are forms of co-operation.

Everywhere we find abundant illustration of these five relations. Conflict is everywhere. Mastery is everywhere—conflict crystallized into conquest and developing new conflicts for the future. Chief, general, king, political boss, and military despot, priest, capitalist, corporation manager, princes of market and factory, such are some of the masters who control the world. Wherever a life is controlled by another for the primary benefit of the controller, the relation of Master and Slave exists. It makes no difference in the essential nature of the relation whether you buy a whole life at once, or buy the life a little at a time on the installment plan, a day, a week, a month, a year at a sale, as in our Northern factories today—it is the purchase of manhood, the bargain for mastery just the same, and whether it be for fifty years at once, or by day for fifty years, with the whip of want to compel the transfer each morning anew, is merely a matter of degree. The right to political freedom even may fail to prevent enslavement—so long as the masters make their servants vote as they bid, the ballots in truth belong to the masters. Freedom is indivisible. If another is your master in any essential department of life, he is your master in all. Power to control your supply of air or water or food is power to control you. The man who is dependent on the arbitrary will of another for the opportunity to make a living, is not free. The man who controls you religiously can govern you politically and industrially if he will. The man who controls you politically can rule you industrially and religiously, if he so desires. And the man who controls you industrially is your master politically, religiously and socially. If several controls exist and clash, it is a battle of the masters, in which perhaps the slave may win his freedom from them all.

Partnership also is a universal relation. Savages hunt together and divide the spoils. Families co-operate for the common good. Merchants, artisans and professional men combine for mutual help. A nation is a partnership for defense against aggression, from without or from within. Protestantism is partnership in religion—public works, co-operative industries, profit-sharing enterprises, even the trusts and combines, are instances of partnership in different stages of development.

Everywhere there is a tendency for the first simple undefined association to become a mastery, which advancing civilization inevitably transforms into a partnership or democracy, and will finally transform into a devotion. At first men worked alone. Then, finding out the power of union, they worked in groups—partnerships, factories, corporations, syndicates, trusts, combinations of greater and greater magnitude. At every step the organization must have management, and chiefs, and monarchs of market and mine, railroads and manufactures came into being. These leaders have perverted their power to their own selfish purposes, just as the leaders of religious and political combinations formerly did. The people are awakening to this fact, and soon they will write their industrial constitutions and hold the rulers of wealth responsible as they already do the rulers of war. Organization, leadership, despotism, democracy—that has been the history of religion and politics, and it will be the history of industry also. The aristocracy of the priesthood is broken; the aristocracy of birth is dead; but the aristocracy of the dollar is in the meridian of its splendor. Political power no longer descends to the worthless son of a trusted ruler. But the mighty power of wealth, the irresponsible control of unnumbered millions, the arbitrary government of human interests vaster than the political affairs of the greatest states—these descend from father to son, as kingly power did in less enlightened times. The aristocracy of wealth must follow the aristocracy of birth. There is one more despotism to demolish, one more slavery to abolish. There is one more republic to be built, one more proclamation of emancipation to be written. Our fathers gave us a political republic. We must give our children an industrial republic.

Co-operation has brought suit in eject-

ment against the competitive system for possession of the field of civilization. The case is on trial at the bar of human progress. Common Sense and Love are counsel for co-operation. Greed, Ignorance, Prejudice, and Primeval Combativeness defend the competitive system. The ultimate issue cannot be doubted.

Antagonistic forces tend to destroy each other and leave only those that can act together in harmony. In the long run, nature represses evil by entailing painful consequences on it, and encourages good by following it with pleasant results. Action goes where resistance is least and the harvest of happiness is greatest. Right conduct is simply a matter of foresight, common sense and self-control. The wisdom of righteousness is a demonstrable certainty.

Automatic evolution will at last bring man to materialism, if the world continues long enough to roll unharmed in median temperatures round the sun. But we can hasten the movement greatly by intelligent selection, which is as far superior to automatic selection in the development of nobler character and better institutions, as it is the development of finer horses, cattle, dogs and sheep. We must go to the sources of good and evil, pull up the weeds, abolish the germs of evil and nourish the tender growths of good. Take the children out of the slums. Guard the unborn against a criminal, diseased or pauper parentage. Put criminals and vicious persons where they cannot harm their fellowmen, but may be trained to useful lives, and have their freedom once again when long good conduct has rebutted the presumption from their former badness that they would do wrong if not restrained of their liberty. Let us squeeze the last black drop of "savagery" out of humanity's veins. Let us recognize the true relations of sin, and not give honor to the big transgressor while we crush the little one. Let us turn our boys from the lust for gold, to intellectual and spiritual attainments, and the service of mankind as the goal of their ambitions. Let us strive to destroy the commercialization of labor—the purchase of manhood as a commodity. The question with employers ought to be, "How much can I afford to pay?" instead of, "How little can I get that labor for?" When masters ask, "How would I wish my daughter treated if she were this working-girl? What wages would I wish this work to command if I myself, or my son, were doing it?" And Capital says, "I will pay all I can and clear myself. New capital shall come from the savings of labor. Then partnership and brotherhood will be in sight. A little further on, the wages system and industrial slavery will go, and leave the world to profit-sharing and industrial self-government—mastery will give place to partnership. The workers will see that the change is made in time, but employers, if they will, can smooth and shorten the path from competition to co-operation. Let us change our institutions to a purer type, for better government, and fairer diffusion of wealth, power and opportunity. Institutions and character react upon each other; we must labor for them both, or, rather, we must labor to improve our institutions, as one of the strongest means of improving our manhood. And finally, above all else, let each strive to mold himself to the mutualistic character, so that the Golden Rule may be an instinct with him, so that his every relation, so far as conditions can be controlled by him, shall be a devotion, a partnership with love at the heart of it, a co-operation of the highest order, a mutualism whose motive is the deepest philosophy, and the purest emotion.

Mankind will some day find the highest happiness in the service of each other—mastery, conflict, unjust agreements, political frauds and ostentatious wealth will become as repugnant as highway robbery is to-day; morality will become instinctive, natural as reflex motion, and men will desire wealth merely as a means of fitting themselves for the highest and fullest intellectual and spiritual activities of which they are capable, and ask for power simply to serve their fellow-men.

Our politicians may be the most corrupt in the world, but our people are still fresh in courage and hope.—Chicago Times Herald.

They certainly are. Our people are the freshest people in the world. They are long on Hope. In fact, hope is about all they have left. They keep on voting and voting for politicians and hoping and hoping and hoping. Fresh! I should say they were.—The New Time.

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HOW LONG WILL THE PEOPLE ENDURE IT?

A few years ago an Improvement Association, composed of the wide-awake element of this community, held meetings and discussed projects for the public good. Among other questions debated were those relating to electric lighting, water supply, and public ownership. The meetings culminated in the appointment, through the official channel of the Township Committee, of thirty citizens authorized to consider and report upon the expediency of public ownership of water and light plants by the town of Bloomfield. Those appointed on that Committee of Thirty, after much painstaking effort to obtain facts, formulated a report, which was printed, covering thirty pages. It demonstrated, beyond a doubt, that Bloomfield could effect a saving of at least \$10,000 annually by constructing and operating her own water and light works, instead of giving to outside corporations franchises and contracts for supplying those necessities.

That report, recommending public ownership on economic grounds, is as profitable reading today, as true, as unanswerable in logic and statistics as when it was submitted to a public meeting in March, 1894. But that meeting, under political manipulation, was used for a purpose, and that purpose was to prevent Bloomfield from throwing off "the incubus of selfish conservatism," the culmination of which was the loss of a goodly part of her territory in the withdrawal of Glen Ridge. The water contract was renewed for another term of years, and then, later on, came the change from gas lighting to electricity, which has proved so unsatisfactory and unreliable, yet costing the divided township more than the cost of gas before the Glen Ridge separation. But that which is most unendurable is the damage being done to the shade trees by the stringing of electric wires through them. From the beginning of the service remonstrances have been made, but without avail. These complaints have caused in upon the Township Committee until at length the Chairman has been constrained to ask of Counsel Halpenny, "How long do we have to endure this?" And the township's legal button, thus pressed, promptly responds that proceedings in the Court of Chancery afford the "only remedy."

"Lame and impotent conclusion!" In plain words, the people of Bloomfield, after trusting their representatives, and after paying their legal counsel for drawing up contracts professedly guarding their interests, are now informed that "the contract is silent" as touching the destruction of the trees, that protests are unavailing, short of commencing proceedings in court. And whether the court would sustain the company against the tree-owner or the town—that is a question depending for settlement upon which side secures the heaviest legal artillery. Again must we exclaim: "Impotent conclusion!"

While counsel and associate counsel are busy with this new Township muddle I would observe in reply to Mr. Stout's little conundrum, that the endurance of the long suffering public will last until forbearance ceases to be the unmitigated evil that it is and "our best citizens" as well as those considered second-best, wake up and realize that the municipal ownership and control of natural monopolies is absolutely necessary, if any rights whatever are to be reserved from corporate assault.

If the logic of events has proved anything, it has demonstrated, in this electric lighting scheme, from start to finish, the rank stupidity of those Bloomfield Aldermen who voted affirmatively upon the "recommendation of Alderman Powers," to fasten upon the town its present electric light system. It was manifestly a case of "the best citizens" of the township caught napping while the worst sort of up-to-date bunco-steering for monopoly got in its work and scored one more victory for corporate monopoly.

Mr. Stout may well ask: "How long do we have to endure this?" As long as party politics holds the lash in town affairs. And Chairman Stout and the Committee men, unsophisticated tyros in politics, are not half as censurable as the people, who, the source of all power, yet lack the moral courage to assert their independent manhood and make it tell at the proper time.

Popular kicking after the franchise has been voted is like locking the stable after the horse is stolen.

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SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "XERO."

(Copyrighted by Deane & Taylor.)

Like a specked apple in a barrel of good ones, is an idler in a community of workers;—powerful to produce a similar condition in others and that only. Loafers are enemies to society, for they do not suffer the loss of moral backbone alone, but they flash the discovery before their fellows that it is possible to scramble through the world without much effort. As Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell says: "The world is divided into two great classes, not the rich and the poor, but the workers and the idlers." The frowzy beggar of sturdy frame whining at your door, and the child of the wealthy, killing time in every conceivable fashion, belong in the same class. Dirt and daintiness, rags and respectability blend in one common downfall of all that is best in human nature. The race has hitherto gained solely by the sweat of the brow in some form or another, and we who toil see no other way to assure further progress.

But these easy-goers tell us, in effect, that we are fools; and they are always gaining fresh listeners. You who are halting between two opinions, strong in capacity but weak in will, undetermined whether to expend the minimum of effort in the world, or whether to give of your capacity in full measure be the gain yours or not—let a toiler speak to you out of a full heart.

May he be confounded who would persuade us away from work. It always has been a blessing in disguise, or, as Whittier says:

"The curse of earth's morning
Is the blessing of its noon."
To work is to discover the happy, the healthful, the hopeful way through life; for definite labor puts the nerves at rest and quiets the feverish heart. If bowed down with sorrow, stricken because a beloved voice is silenced forevermore, Go, Work! and the motions of daily duty will solace your spirit. If bewildered at the apparent confusion in the world, misery where there should be joy, crops of disappointment from a generous seeding of hope; Go, Work! and the concentration of purpose needed by your duty will relieve your over-strained brain, and a clearer understanding of the laws of life will be yours. The balance of the wide world's brain is kept by toil. With nothing to do and boundless time for thinking and puzzling over the mysteries of our ending, we should become a universe of melancholic fatalists. But the rhythm of work constantly recurring keeps us wholesome-minded, just as the ebb and flow of the ocean purifies the world. Work is the antidote for suffering. It is the great sanity-illness, the insanity—of life.

How much we loved the wondrous wand
In childhood's story told,
Which, waved by the magician's hand,
Turned everything to gold!
And changed the cottage mean and low
Into a palace great,
And made grimed Cinderella glow
In robes of royal state.

Yet too have a magic wand,
Which stranger changes shows,
And makes the dreary desert sand
To blossom like a rose.
So let us lift our power on high—
We may not, dare not shrink,
And move the very earth and sky,
By simple, honest work.

Let it not be supposed that riches bring happiness. The owners are only happy if they have some definite duty in life. Many of the wealthy toil away under responsibilities that would crush the inexperienced. But the indolent among them are most miserable; the men out-of-sorts with themselves and their comrades, following evil to drown reflection and being of such little importance to the world when they pass away that they become nothing more than worthless names to occupy valuable space on a head-stone; the women, wrapped up in soul-shrinking ambitions and devoured by petty jealousies unworthy of humanity. They dress for dress' sake, having more worth without than there is within, and strut their little day like puppets on parade. No soul gets satisfaction from that sort of life, any more than the prodigal could find nourishment in husks. So spend no time pining for a condition of ease that has more dangers than poverty.

I tell you that I see more happiness in the faces of shop-girls hurrying home from work, than in a whole room-full of idling women. The girls toil, rest, take their wages and look at the duty of life with an air of independence. But the idling fashionables are scarcely raised above the standard of a Turkish harem; they have been bartered for with dowries, bought with social prestige, and then shut up to an objectless life of social inactivity. Happier than they, and freer to choose a fitting mate, is the poorest child of toil, barefoot beneath the burning sun.

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POST OFFICE BLOCK.

LARGEST DRY AND FITTING HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY.

BEE HIVE
NEWARK, N. J.

Clearing Sale of Ladies' Suits,
(Crash, Lawn and Linen.)

In this department as in all others at this time of year profit-making is lost sight of—it's only a question of clearance. Ladies who know good style, elegant materials and value of goods will open their eyes in great astonishment when they learn at what great sacrifices from regular prices they can buy from our stock this week.

1.50 Ladies' Suits, fresh and up to date. Regular \$4 and \$5.
of linen color or white duck, also pretty figured lawns, made with cutaway jackets or fitted waists, lace trimmed skirts, liberal hems. Regular \$2 to \$3.

1.98 Ladies' Suits, of linen crash, dimities, some shirt waist effects, others cutaway or reefer jacket style, trimmed with covered buttons and washable braids. Regular \$3 and \$4.

2.95 Ladies' Suits, of pretty dimities and lawns, crash and navy duck, trimmings of contrasting color; figured lawns, with capelet or shawl collar, skirts of trimmings. This lot made up of miscellaneous styles to complete size assortment, but each garment

3.95 Ladies' Suits, of figured and plain lawns, waists plain—to be used with linen collar or fancy trimmed waists with lace and ribbons. Regular \$5 and \$6.

4.95 Ladies' Suits, of figured or striped lawns, nicely trimmed with embroidery and lace shoulder ruffles and cuffs, plain or lace trimmed, fancy necks. Regular \$7 and \$8.

6.50 Ladies' Suits, of new denim, best fish lines and pigee, handsomely broad trimmed, reverses of contrasting color, dark or pique, plain cuffs, Eton or blazer style, plain or trimmed skirts. Regular \$10 to \$11.

All High Class Suits at these Prices
To Close Quickly:

French Taffeta, regular \$15, now \$9.95
French Taffeta, regular \$12, now \$7.95
French Organzies, regular \$20 and \$27, now \$14.95
China Silks, regular \$25 and \$27, now \$14.95

Great Remnant Selling and Clearing of Odd Lots and Broken Assortments in every department.
Prices